

GOING SOME

A ROMANCE OF STRENUOUS AFFECTION

BY REX BEACH

SUGGESTED BY THE PLAY BY REX BEACH AND PAUL ARMSTRONG

Illustrated By Edgar Bert Smith

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SYNOPSIS.

Cowboys of the Flying Heart ranch are heartbroken over the loss of their much-prized photograph by the defeat of their champion in a foot-race with the cook of the Centipede ranch. A house party is on at the Flying Heart. J. Wallingford Speed, cheer leader at Yale, and Culver Covington, inter-collegiate champion runner, are expected. Helen Blake, Speed's sweetheart, becomes interested in the loss of the photograph. She suggests to Jean Chaplin, sister of the owner of the ranch, that she induce Covington, her lover, to win back the photograph. Helen declares that if Covington won't run, Speed will. The cowboys are hilarious over the prospect. Speed and his valet, Larry Glass, trainer at Yale, arrive. Helen Blake asks Speed, who has posed to her as an athlete, to race against the Centipede man. The cowboys join in the appeal to Wally and fearing that Helen will find him out, he consents. He insists, however, that he shall be entered as an unknown, figuring that Covington will arrive in time to take his place. Fresno, glee club singer from Stanford university and in love with Helen, tries to dissuade Speed with the ladies and the cowboys. Speed and Glass put in the time they are supposed to be training playing cards in a secluded spot. The cowboys explain to Speed how much the race means to them. Speed assures them he will do his best. The cowboys tell Glass it is up to him to see that Speed wins the race.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

"You said just now you'd answer for him with your life. Well, we aim to make you! We ain't a-goin' to lose this foot-race under no circumstances whatever, so we give you complete authority over the body, health, and speed of Mr. Speed. It's up to you to make him beat that cook!"

"S-s-suppose he gets sick or sprains his ankle?" Glass undertook to move his body from in front of the weapon, but it followed him as if magnetized.

"There ain't a-goin' to be no accidents or excuses. It's pay or play, money at the tape. You're his trainer, and it's your fault if he ain't fit when he toes the mark. Understand?"

Willie lowered the muzzle of his weapon, and fired between the legs of Glass, who leaped into the air with all the grace of a gazelle. It was due to no conscious action on his part that the trainer leaped; his muscles were stimulated spasmodically, and propelled him from the floor.

"Did you hear what I said?" demanded Willie, in a voice that sounded like the sawing of a meat bone.

Glass opened his mouth, and when no sound issued, nodded.

"And you understand?"

Again the trainer bobbed his head.

"Then I guess that's all. It's up to you." Willie replaced his gun, and the fat man threatened to fall. "Come on, boys!" The cowboys filed out silently, but on the threshold Willie paused and darted a venomous glance at his enemy. "Don't forget what I said about Mr. Colt and the equality of man."

"Yes, sir!—yes, ma'am!" ejaculated the frightened trainer, nervously. When they were gone he collapsed.

"They are rather severe, aren't they?" ventured Fresno.

"Severe!" cried the unhappy man. "Why, Speed can't—" He was about to explain everything when the memory of Willie's words smote him like a blow. That fiend had threatened to kill him, Lawrence Glass, without preliminary if it became evident that a fraud had been practiced. Manifestly, this was no place for hysterical confidences. Larry's mouth closed like a trap, while the Californian watched him intently. At length he did speak, but in a strangely softened tone, and at utter variance with his custom.

"Say, Mr. Fresno! Which direction is New York?"

"That way," Fresno pointed to the east, and the other man stared longingly out through the bunk-house window.

"It's quite a walk, ain't it?"

"Walk?" Berkeley laughed. "It's two or three thousand miles!" Glass sighed heavily. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothin'. Jest gettin' homesick." He calmed himself with an effort, entered the gymnasium as if in search of something, and then set forth to find Speed.

That ecstatic young gentleman wrenched his gaze away from the blue eyes of Miss Blake to see his trainer signaling him from afar.

"What is it, Lawrence?"

"Got to see you."

"Presently."

"Nix! I got to see you now!" Glass' ruddy face was blushed, and he seemed to rest in the grip of some blighting malady. Beneath his arm he carried a tight-rolled bundle. Sensing something important back of this unusual demeanor, Speed excused himself and followed Larry, who did not trust to speech until they were alone in the gymnasium with the doors closed. Then he unrolled the bundle he carried, spread it upon the floor, and stepped into its exact center.

"Are you standing on my prayer-rug?" demanded his companion, angrily.

"I am! And from this on I'm goin' to make it work itself to death. She said a feller couldn't get hurt if he stood on it and said 'Allah.' Well, I'm goin' to wear it out."

"What's wrong?"

"Do you know what's goin' to happen to me if Covington don't get here and beat this cook?"

"Happen to you?"

"Yes, me! These outlaws have put it up to me to win this bet for them."

"Well, Covington can beat anybody."

"But Covington isn't here yet."

"Not yet, but—" The young man smiled. "You're not frightened, are you?"

"Scared to death, that's all," acknowledged the other. Then when his employer laughed openly, he broke out at a white-heat. "Joke, eh? Well, you'd better have a good laugh while you can, because Humpy Joe's finish will be a ten-course dinner to what you'll get if Covington misses his train."

"How easily frightened you are!"

"Yes! Well, any time people start shooting shots I'm too big for this earth. The hole in a gun looks as big as a gas-tank to me."

"But nobody is going to shoot you!" exclaimed the mystified college man. "They ain't, hey? I missed the Golden Stairs by a lip not half an hour ago." With feverish intensity he told his narrow escape from destruction, the memory bringing a sweat of agony to his brow. "And the worst of it is," he concluded, "I'm marked with guns. I've always been that way."

"Tut! tut! Don't alarm yourself. If Covington shouldn't come, the race will be declared off."

"No chance," announced the trainer, with utter conviction. "These thugs have made it pay or play, and the bets are down."

"You know I can't run."

"If he don't come, you'll have to!"

"Absurd! I shall be indisposed."

"If you mean you'll get sick, or sprain an ankle, or break a leg, or kill yourself, guess again. I'm responsible for you now. Something may go wrong with me, but nothing is goin' to happen to you. My only chance to make a live of it is to get some one to outrun this cook. You're the only chance I've got, if Culver don't show, and the first law of nature ain't never been repealed."

"Self-protection, eh?"

"Exactly." Glass coughed three times without result, stepped off the prayer-rug, rolled it up tightly; then, hugging it beneath his arm, went on: "That four-eyed guy slipped me a whole lot of feed-box information. Why, he's a killer, Wally! And he's got a cash-register to tally his dead."

"Notches on his gun-handle, I suppose?"

"So many that it looks like his wife had used it to hang pictures with. I tell you, he's the most deceitful rummy I ever seen. What's more, he's got the homicide habit, and the habit has got its eye on me." Glass was in deadly earnest, and his alarm contrasted so strongly with his former contemptuous attitude toward the cowboys that Speed was constrained to laugh again.

"It's the most amusing thing I ever heard of."

"Yes," said the trainer, with elaborate sarcasm. "It would be awful funny if it wasn't on the square." He moistened his lip nervously.

"You alarm yourself unnecessarily."

"It's up to you to make him beat that cook."

"We'll hear from Culver soon, either by wire or in person. He's never failed me yet. But if I were you, Larry, I'd leave that Mexican girl alone."

"Mary?"

"Yes, Mariadetta. Now, there's something to be afraid of. If these cowboys are in love with her and have their eyes on you—"

"Come in!"

Senor Aurelio Maria Carara entered. He was smoking his customary corn-husk cigarette, but his dark eyes were grave and his alien mustaches were pointed to the fineness of a bristle.

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CHAPTER X.

"Buenos dias, Senor." Carara bowed politely to Speed.

"Good-morning again," said Wally.

Turning to the trainer, Carara eyed him from top to toe, removed his cigarette, and flipped the ashes daintily from it; then, smiling disdainfully, said:

"Buenos dias, Senor Fat!"

Glass started. "You talkin' to me?"

"Yes." Carara leaned languidly against the wall, took a match from his pocket, and dextrously struck it between the nails of his thumb and finger. He breathed his lungs full of smoke and exhaled it through his nose. "I would have spik to you before, but the Senor Fat is—he shrugged his shoulders—"frighten" so bad he will not understand. So—I come back."

"Who's scared?" said Glass, gruffly.

Carara turned his palm outward, in gentle apology.

"You been talk a gret deal to my Senorita—to Mariadetta, eh?"

"Oh, the Cuban Queen!" Glass winked openly at Speed. "Sure! I slip her a laugh now and then."

"She is not Cubana, she is Mexicana," said Carara, politely.

"Well, what d'you think of that! I thought she was a Cuban." Glass began to chuckle.

"Senor Fat," broke in the Mexican, sharply, while Larry winced at the distasteful appellation, "she is my Senorita!"

"Is she? Well, I can't help it if she falls for me." The speaker cast an appreciative glance at his employer. "And you can cut out that 'Senor Fat,' because it don't go."

Then he gasped, for Carara slowly drew from inside his shirt a long, thin-bladed knife bearing marks of recent grinding, and his black eyes

snapped. His face had become suddenly convulsed, while his voice rang with the tone of chilled metal. Glass retreated a step, a shudder ran through him, and his eyes riveted themselves upon the weapon with horrified intensity.

"Listen, Pig! If you spik to her again, I will cut you." The gaze of the Mexican pierced his victim. "I will not keel you, I will just—cut you!"

Speed, who had sat in open-mouthed amazement during the scene, pinched himself. Like Larry, he could not remove his gaze from the swarthy man. He pulled himself together with an effort, however, undertaking to divert the present trend of the conversation.

"Where will you cut him?" he asked, pleasantly, more to make conversation than from any lingering question as to the precise location.

"Here," Carara turned the blade against himself, and traced a cross upon his front, whereupon the trainer gurgled and laid protecting hands upon his protruding abdomen. "You spik Spanish?"

"No," Glass shook his head.

"But you understand w'at I try to say?"

"Yes—oh yes—I'm hep all right."

"And the Senor Fat will r-remember?"

"Sure!" Glass sighed miserably, and tearing his eyes away from the glittering blade, rolled them toward his employer. "I don't want her! Mr. Speed knows I don't want her!"

Carara bowed. "And the Fat Senor will not spik wit' her again?"

"No!"

"Gracias, Senor! I thank you!"

"You're welcome!" agreed the New Yorker, with repressed feeling.

"Adios! Adios, Senor Speed!"

"Goodbye!" exclaimed the two in chorus.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Know the Time.

On a cold night a man was hastening across the public square with his overcoat buttoned up to his chin. He was rather anxious to know what time it was, but he was too lazy to open his coat in order to get at his watch. Just then he saw a well-dressed man approaching and remarked to himself: "This is a cinch. I'll e'en ask you genteel stranger what time it is and he will unobscure."

He perceived that the stranger was buttoned up just as he was. When he came up the man who wanted to know the time removed his hat politely and said: "Sir, do you know what time it is?"

The stranger paused, removed his right glove, unbuttoned his coat from top to bottom, unbuttoned his undercoat, and finally pulled out his watch, while the chill wind cut into his unprotected chest. Holding up the watch so that the light would shine upon its face for an instant he glanced at it and growled:

"Yes!"

Then he passed on without another word.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

NEW "WHITE MOURNING"



FOR those who wish to observe a period of mourning and are confronted by objections to all-black apparel, or find it not practical for daily wear there is now the alternative of all-white or white and black in combination. In the smartest shops and at the leading costumers one may order mourning in either black or white. Crepe, which is the recognized insignia of mourning, has been used with wonderful effectiveness, especially in millinery. Black crepe hats and veils, for first mourning, have been duplicated exactly in white crepe. This is an exquisite fabric and since the designers began using it they have achieved some new and wonderfully beautiful effects not possible in other materials.

It is not merely a whim of fashion that has brought about the adoption of the new "white mourning." It is a change of sentiment with regard to the meaning of mourning apparel. One need not think very long to conclude that white mourning is meeting a demand for something more than merely "the trappings and the suits of woe." It is less oppressive than black; in fact it is not at all somber. Those who are in mourning will not be obliged in the future to confine themselves to black or to white or even to combinations of these; for mourning fabrics are woven in gray and in certain lavender shades. But crepe is most effective in black or white.

Tailored suits of white serge made up with exquisite neatness and faultlessly cut are favorites for mourning. Worn with either black or white hats and veils they cannot be excelled for elegance. A fad of the hour is to

wear black low shoes with white hose or high white shoes with their tailored gowns.

For white mourning veils all made of chiffon or Brussels net or other veiling materials bordered with crepe. These bordered veils are often draped on the hats in such a way as to provide their only trimming. They are nearly always thrown back off the face or draped to hang from the back of the shape which is almost invariably made entirely of crepe.

One of the new, elongated shapes, with medium wide rolling brim, is shown here covered and trimmed with white crepe. The veil of chiffon, bordered with crepe, is arranged to be worn either over or off the face.

There are almost no trimmings on the most elegant mourning hats except those that are made of crepe. Roses and lilies are favorites and are wonderfully beautiful.

A new shape suggesting a poke bonnet is pictured here, made of black crepe except for the facing, which is pure white in a rich soft quality of the material. This white facing redeems the hat from somberness and makes it a brilliant piece of millinery. Besides, white next the face is most becoming to every woman.

The coarse-meshed silk nets, bordered with bands of crepe three inches wide, are having a strong vogue and are in the majority among fashionable veils. Nevertheless they are less becoming than chiffon. But veils are so seldom worn over the face that this item may be ignored. Nets are very strong and durable.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

REDUCING THE DOUBLE CHIN

Simple Methods, Persevered In, Will Speedily Do Away With Objectionable Feature.

One of the most objectionable features is the double chin. This can be remedied in one month by the following exercise: First soap the under part of the chin with pure soap, and plenty of it. Then throw the head back till the face looks up to the ceiling. Then press firmly the under chin with the thumbs while at the same time make the lower chin move back and forth against the thumbs. It will take some practice, but you will soon find the way to cause the movement of the fat part of the chin. This will strengthen all the muscles and at the same time it will eliminate the fatty cells. The soap aids in this by cutting the fat from the skin.

The exercise can be endured and even enjoyed if you have a graphophone and take the exercise by the music. I set my graphophone out in the rear garden and take my physical culture out in the open air. Besides the exercises I had in the college classes I have discovered many new ones. Wherever there is excess fat just keep on till you find a motion that will cause a movement of that fat, then work.—Health.

Red-Heeled Slippers.

It was only natural that the incoming of effective little frocks should have brought with them the high-heeled slippers of the Louis XVI. period, with their immense buckles in front and their slashes of red behind. There is a new kind of heel, too, which is used on these black slippers, and it makes the foot look about three inches shorter than it is.

One would say that it was impossible to walk in them if one had not witnessed the ability of women to get along in yard-wide skirts and Spanish heels that put them on stilts. We have learned during the last three years that there are few limitations to what women can do in the name of fashion; if ever these Louis heels are adopted by the majority of American shoemakers, women will wear them, and not only turkey trot in them, which is all very well, but they will go shopping in them, which is all very wrong.

To Clean White Kid Shoes.

For cleaning white kid shoes, get a clean white cloth, soak it in gasoline, then dip the cloth in powdered prepared chalk. Rub until all dirt is removed, then allow shoes to dry in the air, but not in the sun. Always use the chalk and gasoline together, as gasoline alone will in time cause the kid to turn yellow. Do this in a cool place away from heat or artificial light and not in the hot sun.

ATTRACTIVE STREET GOWN



Model of cream-colored brocaded satin with tunic of lace and silk trimmed with crimine and black tulle.

Back to Japan.

Chinese fashions, especially the mandarin lines, proved unbecoming in that they departed from the figure's general beauty of lines. But designers have stayed in the orient, merely moving across the strip of water and centering their thoughts on Japan.

The clinging draperies, the wide belt with its butterfly bows and its draped and hanging panels, and the kimono line for bodices and wraps are to be used this fall. Wonderful colorings and embroideries that hint of the east will be the safe choice for the woman who would buy now for a coming successful season in dress.

To Dye Faded Slippers.

Old satin slippers may be successfully dyed. Light shades take the new color best. Blues and greens take splendidly on an old foundation of pink, yellow, light blue or lavender.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department, The Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)

LESSON FOR SEPTEMBER 7

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

LESSON TEXT—Ex. 20:1-11. GOLDEN TEXT—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind."—Luke 10:27.

The decalogue divides itself into two parts; the first has to do with man and his relations to God, the second deals with man and his relations with men. We consider today the first part. From Deut. 5:22, 23 we learn that the words of these eternal principles were spoken to the whole assembly from the midst of the burning mountain and that they stand apart from the Mosaic law. It was God himself who spake (v. 1) to this redeemed people (v. 2). Afterwards he wrote them with his own finger on tablet of stone, Deut. 5:22. This law was done away with in Christ (Col. 2:14, 16, 17; 2 Cor. 3:7, 11) but nevertheless each one of these commands, excepting the fourth is reiterated in the New Testament, emphasizing the eternal fixedness of their principles. The principle of a day of rest one day in seven has not, however, been set aside, as we shall see hereafter. The purpose of the law is to bring to men the knowledge of sin and thereby to lead them to Christ, Rom. 5:20; 7:7, 13; Gal. 3:10, 24. John the beloved, tells us "that his commandments are not grievous." Men who understand the spirit of the decalogue know that every commandment tends to make better citizens, better parents, better children, in fact to enable one to live satisfactorily with himself and his neighbors and his God.

Pinnacles of Thought.

I. The First Commandment, vv. 1-3. Instinctively one thinks of two other pinnacles of religious thought, "In the beginning God," Gen. 1:1, and the first two words of the disciples' prayer, "Our Father," Matt. 6:9. Eternity alone can furnish us a measurement sufficiently great to enable us fully to comprehend the fulness of this thought. God the creator, law giver, father. In the beginning, at this mountain and in his son, teaching us of his character.

Up to this time everything had been done for the Israelites. Hereafter they must keep the law in order to obtain life, Rom. 10:5; Gal. 3:12. In this Gospel dispensation we obtain life as an enabling agent whereby to perform or to keep the law, Eph. 2:1, 8-10. The Christian's higher law is Christ himself, inasmuch as the righteousness of the law is fulfilled in the Christian who walks after the spirit, Rom. 8:4. The foundation of all of this is to "have no other gods before (or beside) me," Matt. 4:10.

II. The Second Commandment, vv. 4-6. This is negative in that we shall not attempt any visible representation or likeness of God, and positive in that we shall not bow down in worship nor serve any such likeness. The wisdom of this is only too evident when we carefully study the degeneracy of all forms of heathen religions. The creation of man's hands is worshipped in lieu of the creature supposed to be represented. God did sanction images, Ex. 31:7, 17-20; 1 Kings 7:26. The service of art in the matter of religion is freely acknowledged but nevertheless it is attended by grave danger as is evidenced by Roman Catholic observances in many parts of the world. True worship must worship in spirit the God who is "spirit," John 4:24; Phil. 3:3 R. V. He must be supreme in our hearts and our affections. The perpetuity of either blessing or curse for the observance or violation of this edict may at first seem to be rather harsh. Yet we must consider that posterity is the continuation of one's self. We do what our fathers did, Heb. 7:9, 10. God has however made a merciful provision whereby we may turn the misery of sin into a blessing, Ez. 18:2, 19, 20 and Rom. 3:28. Let us rather emphasize the converse of this law of heredity, viz., that the blessing is likewise perpetuated, "to a thousand generations," Deut. 7:9; Ps. 105:8, Rom. 11:28, 5:20. Must Be Sincere.

III. The Third Commandment, v. 7. Here is demanded absolute sincerity by all in the use of the divine name and thus forbids all forms of blasphemy. This covers much more than ordinary vulgar profanity. The flippant and sacrilegious use of divine terms and phrases; the use, whether in prayer or praise of divine names and expressions which are not a part of our life experience is a form of blasphemy. Vain, empty, false usage of God's name is blasphemous. A proper reverence towards God is fundamental to any true love for God.

IV. The Fourth Commandment, vv. 8-11. Attention has been called to the fact that nowhere does it say the seventh day of the week, though that is what the Israelites observed. This is the Sabbath of Jehovah. While this was specially designated for the Jew, (Deut. 5:1, 12, 15), and not literally binding upon the Christian (Col. 2:16, 17), yet it has underneath it a great, wise and beneficent principle, man's need for rest one day in seven. Physically and nervously he needs rest and quiet; spiritually he needs the rest and refreshment thus provided. It was a merciful provision for man.